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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

THE LATEST TRIUMPH IN THE HARVEST FIELD.

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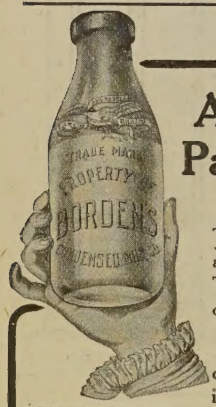

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UNITY

" HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN "

Vol. LXVI. THURSDAY OCTOBER 6, 1910. NUMBER 6.

It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Nor ours to hear on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves.

Yet, where our duty's task is wrought,
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatsoe'er is willed, is done!

And ours the grateful service whence
Comes day by day the recompense;
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain and the noonday shade.

—*Whittier.*

The *Public* says: "The State of Guggenheim gives fair promise to resume its place permanently in the galaxy of states under the name of Colorado and by the direct authority of her people. For in Colorado, as in Illinois, both the Democratic and the Republican parties have given their platform pledges in support of the Initiative and Referendum, a measure that is in full satisfactory use in Oregon, and is the state policy of South Dakota, the pioneer, Maine, Arkansas, and other states, not to mention the incoming State of Arizona."

The *International Journal of Ethics* for October contains the usual food for thought. Helen Woodhouse writes on "Thinking About One's Self," Horace M. Callan discusses "Is Belief Essential in Religion?" and Ernest L. Talbot considers two modern social philosophies wherein anarchy and sociology are weighed.

The Public Library of Chicago has shown its policy of wise initiative in establishing a branch at the Hyde Park Police Station. When the policemen spend their spare time reading the works of Parkman, Fiske, Dickens, or Defoe's Robinson Crusoe instead of loafing around the saloon accepting free drinks, the city will become a safer place for women and children.

The October number of Mosher's ever dainty, ever attractive, ever sagacious *Bibelot* is given to "The Two Boyhoods" by John Ruskin, taken from the Fifth Volume of Modern Painters, a publication furnishing suggestive reading to those who have taken note of the recent death of William Holman Hunt, the last of the Pre-Raphaelites whom the chivalrous Ruskin so championed when they were young and needed a friend.

The *American Magazine* continues its discussion of hot themes and high issues in its October number. "The Betrayal of a Nation," by E. Alexander Powell, "The Mysteries and Cruelties of the Tariff," by Ida M. Tarbell, "What a Few Men Did in Pittsbugh," by Albert Jay Knock, represent the civic and political discussions. "In the Interpreter's House" there is a masterly condensation in three pages of the present political situation and election problems.

The Massachusetts Men's League for Woman's Suffrage, with Edwin D. Mead for president and Charles Garrison (significant name) for secretary and treasurer, has already a long list of names of prominent citizens scattered throughout the state. This is as it ought to be. Here is a call for true chivalry. Some day it will be remembered to the shame of the men that the women had to clamor long for the privileges which sensible men ought to hasten to extend to them on a silver salver.

The *Public* quotes Bolton Hall as saying that the city of East Orange has increased its population over 50 per cent in the last ten years, and that it has spent 35 per cent per capita on playgrounds. There is a connection between the two. It is far-seeing business to provide for the health and joy of children.

The *Universalist Leader* for October 1 contained a portrait of the Rev. Florence Kollock Crooker and a sketch of her ministerial work telling of a successful ministry of thirty-five continuous years. Mrs. Crooker's record is such as would cast credit on any man minister, and it is long since any one acquainted with her work has thought of the sex of the preacher in this connection. So efficient and effective have been the labors of this woman, whether as maid or wife, that she has graced her high calling and ennobled her every relation. UNITY's life is almost co-terminous with the ministry of this woman. We have

watched with interest her successful work in Chicago, Pasadena, and the far East, and hasten to extend our congratulations to this friend and fellow-worker.

The Peoria Conference, with the Committee of Seven to whom was entrusted its message, is, if we are not mistaken, making history that will be known and appreciated far beyond the limits of the humiliated State of Illinois. This Conference, which met in June, proposed certain reform legislative measures, among which were a civil service law to prevent the spoilsman from getting into office, a corporate practice law to prevent the corrupting activities of business, initiative and referendum to prevent misrepresentation, the latter a matter requiring a constitutional amendment. One hundred and thirty thousand voters have filed the petition for this legislation, which will secure its submission to popular vote, and both the Democratic and Republican parties have pledged themselves in their platforms to further these reforms.

Last Sunday there was a significant procession in Chicago when the butchers paraded in a crusade against Sunday shops. Their banners, as quoted by the Monday morning papers, carried gospel notes. What is good gospel for the butcher ought to be good gospel for every possible activity that can be suspended one day in seven in the interest of healthy bodies, sound minds, and wholesome homes. When religion is interpreted in terms of sociology, the old Sabbath Day regulation of the Pentateuch stands forth as one of the most benignant provisions of civilization. Let other trades and other cities fall into the procession. Let these banners be carried in other cities. Here are some of their mottoes:

Go to church on Sunday and give the poor butcher a chance to take a bath.

If you want palatable food buy your meat on Saturday; they sell nothing but dog meat and scraps on Sunday.

Cleanliness is next to godliness; clean markets and church go hand in hand.

Every market should be ventilated with God's pure air at least one day every week.

Ask the Sunday butcher if the health department ever gets busy at his establishment.

Be Americans and fall in line. We need your co-operation.

"The Influence of the Bible in Literature" is the title of Henry Van Dyke's article in the October *Century*. "The Influence of the Bible *as* Literature" would be a title worthy the skillful pen of Dr. Van Dyke. When the Bible grows perplexing, if not provoking, as dogma, it grows radiant and inspiring as literature. Whatever its ultimate place in the scheme of the theologian, its place in the literature of the world is safe. Thomas Huxley, according to orthodox standards, was a poor Christian. He had his trouble with the theologians, but he had a penetrating sense of literary values, and it was he who said, as quoted by Dr. Van Dyke, "The Bible has been the Magna Charta of the poor and oppressed. New light has broken forth from it to lead the upward struggle of mankind from age to age. Men have come back to it because they could not do without it. Nor will its influence wane, its radiance be darkened, unless literature ceases to express the noblest of human longings, the highest of human hopes, and mankind forgets all that is now incarnate only and forever in the central figure of the Bible."

The patriotic citizen everywhere will watch with sympathetic anxiety the result of the surgeon's knife in its effort to relieve Senator LaFollette from the ailment that has kept him out of the active campaign work this season. Fortunately it needed no fresh work from the Senator to persuade his constituency in Wisconsin that he is the right man in the right place, and his re-election to the Senatorial seat is assured, but there is new work for him to do, and all patriotic friends of the Republic will eagerly await the tidings of his restoration. When the story of the present revival of patriotism, the waking up of the Nation to the iniquities perpetrated in the interest of capitalism, combination and private exploitation of public wealth, the withdrawing from public good of the natural resources of the world, shall have been told, it will be found that to Robert La Follette belongs much of the honor of the initiative. He fired the first gun that brought on the general battle and he has kept that gun warm through these fighting years. It is still full of service, and the balls go straight to the mark when the cannoneer is at his post.

The Congregationalist does not see any reason why the Nation should go into convulsions over the approaching election, as though we were on the eve of a great crisis. Surely the demands of the insurgents and the alleged contentions of both the Republican and Democratic parties, as catalogued by Congressman Murdock of Kansas, would go to show that the American people "were never more agreed." These are the five propositions: "Revision of the Tariff, schedule by schedule, Revision of House Rules, taking the appointment of committees out of the hands of the speaker, Physical Valuation of the Railroads, Simplification of Federal Court Procedure, Direct Primaries." It would seem, would it not, that those who oppose any of these propositions are actuated by other than the consideration of public interest and general efficiency? The issues at the coming election are splendidly ethical. Will the common voter, the private citizen, break from the thrall of his boss, forget the boundary lines of his "party" and cast his ballot for the men who are ever found on the right side, who can be trusted with the public interests, and who are above being debauched. The humiliation of Illinois may after all prove a redeeming element in the life of the Nation. Lorimer,

Lee Browne and their associates have over-reached themselves and thus have wrought mightily for civic integrity. It is another verification of the great Bible text, "He maketh the wrath of men to praise him."

The Rev. Frank G. Smith, the well-known popular and beloved pastor of the Warren Avenue Congregational Church in Chicago has consented to run for the Legislature from his district, which has been notoriously misrepresented in times past, if the necessary number of voters appear to secure his place as an Independent on the ballot. This is a step in the right direction. Certain phases of public opinion indicate that the clergy of today represent the best informed, the most widely read and most scholarly students of public affairs. It is returning to the early New England traditions to ask the minister of religion to assume the responsibilities of leadership in civic affairs, and on occasion to take his seat among the law-makers of the land. We hope that Mr. Smith will establish an inspiring precedent. There is everything to gain and nothing to lose by introducing to the floors of State Legislatures and National Congress, men of special ethical and spiritual fitness. An all-around successful minister of religion is a man who has had training of great practical value to the state. UNITY hurrahs for the Rev. Frank G. Smith, who has taken for his platform the Beatitudes and the Golden Rule. His words last Sunday morning are significant and deserve wide publication:

> I shall try to determine the morally right solution of every question that comes before the Legislature and shall uphold righteousness in every act. I never entered into anything with a clearer conscience that I was doing the right thing. I am not seeking political position or honor, but doing what I feel is my duty.

The *International Library,* edited by Edwin D. Mead and published for the International School of Peace by the Ginn Company, Boston, now contains eleven bound volumes in its list, including the classic utterances of Ruskin, Charles Sumner, Channing, Warner on the "Ethics of Force," Bridgeman on "World Organization," Dodge's "War Inconsistent with Religion," J. C. Walsh's "The Moral Damage of War," Professor Hull's "The Two Hague Conferences," Professor Scott's "Addresses of the Second Hague Conference," and Edwin D. Mead's "Great Design of Henry IV." This last is said to be the first ambitious and comprehensive scheme in modern history to organize the world, for in 1600 Europe was the civilized world, and the great French king planned such a confederation of the European States as would insure the substitution of legal methods for the prevailing war system. All these books are interestingly characterized in a little leaflet entitled "The International Library," with an introductory word by Mr. Ginn himself. This leaflet can be got for the asking by addressing Ginn & Company, 29 Beacon St., Boston. No young man or woman is deserving of a diploma from any college of standing in America who is unacquainted with this literature. The professors who fail to put the cause of peace foremost in their studies of economics, philanthropy or sociology are simply unacademic, for they omit the most central things in these departments. The young man and young woman have wasted their time in school if their studies have not made them intelligent on these lines, and intelligence inevitably makes them agitators, reformers, educators.

Last week Illinois was stirred profoundly by the triumph of one man who sailed the upper air from Chicago to Springfield, beating the railroad's fast train. Perhaps the time is coming when it will be safer to go through the air than it is now to go over the ground. We trust that a quarter century hence it will be much safer to ride in an aeroplane than it is these days to ride in an automobile. But the aviator last week sailed successfully through the air because he had entered into the confidence of the universe and reckoned with the laws of gravitation. He was obedient to the laws of God. Had he dared for one moment to forget the inevitable and ever present promises of the Eternal, had he but defied the law of gravitation for one moment, he would have come to disaster and death. And so was it with the great aviator of the spirit, the man of Nazareth who trusted the laws of the spirit in the skies of God. This sailing was triumphant. His voyage was significant, the result was inspiring. Let us multiply the aviators of the spirit, emulate the man who trusted not the traditions of men, but the inspiration, if you please, of the Eternal. He taught not as the Scribes, but as one with authority.

Liquor-Blindness

From the fact that so many eminent reformers and sociologists neglect to pay any attention to the Drink Curse, one is often moved to infer that a majority of educated people are so *liquor-blind* that they cannot see the most gigantic evils in the modern world! Here, for instance, in a recent editorial in the *Outlook* (Oct. 1, 1910) on "Literature of Crime in Russia," which calls attention to the great mass of common crime which is rolling over the dominion of the Czar, and claims that it is largely due to the wide circulation of cheap but vile literature, nearly 9,000,000 copies of "penny dreadfuls" (stories of criminal careers) having been sold in that land in 1909. The situation is certainly distressing, because such vicious books must have a very injurious influence. We are glad that the *Outlook* has called attention to the matter.

But why pass by something that is far more productive of crime and more destructive of human life in that country—the Drink Habit and the Liquor Traffic? The Czar is the biggest liquor seller in the world. He has a monopoly of the business in the nation, from which he annually derives an income of over $400,000,000, largely from peasants who on an average receive a daily wage of only 15 or 20 cents! It is difficult to tell what the common people really pay out for liquor (chiefly *vodka*), for the immense sum of four hundred millions of dollars a year only represent the *profits* of the trade.

The cheap criminal literature (9,000,000 copies) costs the people less than $300,000. The same people probably spend over $100,000,000 a year on *vodka*,—three hundred times as much! The three cents for the vile story is not felt; but the $5 a year for *vodka* is from a third to a fifth of the peasant's annual income! And this financial waste keeps him and his family in a state of hunger and squalor which alone probably produces more crime than all the literature to which reference has been made.

But consider the other more serious elements of the problem: This liquor induces disease and prevents recovery when sick, and all this means not only pain and sorrow for the family, but financial loss to the individual and economic waste for the nation: millions of day's labor are so lost during the year. The drinker, on this account, is also a poorer and a more quarrelsome workman. The effects upon his children are harmful, as we positively know, both upon their bodies and their minds. Then there are the crimes which come directly and indirectly from the use of such strong drink. The offenses actually instigated by liquor, the quarrels incident to drunkenness, the evil passions unnaturally aroused by stimulant and the deranged and depraved inheritance in children, which later prompt a criminal career. These are only a few of the more obvious evils due to the wretched habit. So that it is probably true that where the "penny dreadful" may cause one crime, the bottles of *vodka* cause a score. So that the alarm of the *Outlook* over the criminal literature in Russia is a grievous case of straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel!

This editorial is significant and alarming, because so typical of the mood of the hour, fighting a lot of secondary consequences and paying no attention whatever to the chief source of misery and crime.

This "liquor-blindness" is an appalling symptom of the age! We may look over a score of programmes of popular conferences and conventions devoted to the social uplift of the community, but we will find in them hardly a remote reference to the cause of drink, which is doing more harm in our land than all the other "causes" that bring our reformers together! What are the evils of child labor, the loss of life from consumption, the expense of war preparation, the financial waste in forest and water power, in comparison with the destruction of home and childhood by beer and whiskey; the deaths due to diseases and accidents arising from intemperance; the waste in manhood on account of the use of liquors; or the loss of wages in saloons? All this ruin goes on from day to day and hardly a voice is heard in protest. The suspicion that a few railroad presidents have undue influence upon legislation inflames the public mind to the point of political anger. But the fact that brewer and distillers have a more despotic influence upon both the press and the legislation of our land, does not seem to alarm any one.

Surely, the time must come when the scales will fall from the eyes of the American people; when the "liquor-blindness" will pass away; when the present complacence will cease, and the intelligence and conscience of American citizens will be so aroused that something adequate shall be done to educate the masses in principles of total abstinence, to repress the saloon, which is the breeding spot of disease, crime, and pauperism, and to drive the representatives of the liquor traffic from city halls and legislative chambers. May that day of the Lord, which will mean the redemption of man, soon come!

J. H. Crooker.

Roslindale, Boston.

The Challenge to the Liberal Church

Never before, I imagine, did the world offer to those of us who are interested in liberal religion so wonderful a situation as that which confronts us at the present time. We are faced at once by enormous difficulties and stupendous opportunities. On the one hand, we find ourselves living in an age which is witnessing the waning power of the church and the steady decline of religious institutions. The researches of science, the speculations of philosophy, the wide extension of popular education, the marvelous advances of industrial achievement, the rapid spread and emancipating influence of political democracy, the rationalistic temper of all contemporary thought and every development of the last three centuries in every field of human activity have inevitably tended to the secularization of modern life and the liberation of both the individual and society from the overshadowing domination of revealed religion. The church is no longer revered and supported because it is the church —the priest is no longer listened to and obeyed because he is the priest. The old words have lost their meaning; the old appeals, their inspiration; the old sanctions, their authority. Christianity, for nineteen hundred years the molding influence of the mightiest civilization the world has ever seen, seems no longer to have a place amid revolutionary trans-

formations of our age. Schools and colleges, museums and art galleries, parks and playgrounds, institutions of all kinds for scientific study, æsthetic and moral training, and philanthropic service—these today hold the confidence of our people and upon them are lavished large public funds and enormous private benefactions; while empty churches, deserted divinity schools, and struggling sectarian institutions of every description attest the passing of organized religion. In my city, as in others, I imagine, increased land values and accumulated endowments alone maintain the majority of our churches.

On the other hand, while religious organizations are thus languishing for lack of enthusiastic public support, it is true, I believe, that religion, interpreted not as an outward institution of divine authority, but as an inward sentiment of moral and spiritual idealism, was never so much alive in the world as it is today. Never was the cry for justice lifted by so many voices—never was compassion felt by so many hearts—never did men bow so humbly before all natural and spiritual laws and strive so earnestly to utilize these laws for the upbuilding of the race. On all sides, in the spirit of the ancient prophet, men are "doing justice, loving mercy, and walking humbly with God," as never before in human history. They are laboring for the emancipation of children and women from the slavery of industry, for clean streets and decent homes and tolerable conditions of labor, for the destruction of the liquor traffic and the extirpation of the social evil, for the abolition of congestion and the banishment of tuberculosis, for the equitable distribution of wealth and the conquest of poverty; they are building hospitals and training schools, model tenements and public playgrounds; they are passing laws for the amelioration of all forms of human welfare; they are remodeling our entire machinery of government that democracy may truly be established. A tremendous moral crusade, such as our country has not seen since the anti-slavery days, is sweeping the land from end to end, that in industry and politics alike there may be "special privilege for none and equal opportunity for all." And in all these movements for social change, we see the evidences of religion—if not the religion of traditional Christianity, with its creeds and rituals, its churches and scriptures, at least the religion of him who taught his disciples to pray, "Thy Kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

The historic churches are perishing, not because religion is vanishing, but because religion is growing so fast that they can no longer contain it. The new wine has burst the old wine-skins. What the world is seeking today, and needs more than all things else, is a new church, which shall be large enough, strong enough, free enough, to organize, discipline and direct the new religion of the times. It wants a church which shall be loyal to truth and not to tradition, which shall be moved by the spirit of freedom and not of authority, which shall be interested in this world and not primarily in the next world, which shall be dedicated to justice and not to charity, and which shall seek the reform of society as well as the regeneration of the individual. And it is this demand today for a new church, to match the new religion, which creates at once our enormous difficulties and our stupendous opportunities. We must begin anew; we must speak a new message and inaugurate a new work; and this is a task as difficult as it is sublime!

We, as liberals, have in this religious crisis peculiar advantages. Ours, by tradition and inheritance, is the spirit of perfect freedom and the ideal of perfect truth. Our thought is fettered by no creed,—our speech is embarrassed by no "damaged phraseology"—our feet are set in no narrow path of vain conformity. Ours is the greatest opportunity, and, for that reason, the heaviest responsibility.

The challenge is, therefore, spoken to us now in imperative tones that we use this opportunity and meet this responsibility with our fullest measure of devotion. It is for us today to lead in this new venture, as we led a hundred years ago in the great venture after truth. Our task today is plain; namely, to give ourselves hand and heart to the heroic task of building that new and ample church, whose congregation shall be humanity; whose worship shall be service; whose watchword shall be brotherhood; whose creed shall be the Golden Rule; whose Savior shall be every service of the common good; whose end and aim shall be God's Kingdom upon the earth.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Church of the Messiah, New York City.

THE MARCH

I, who was very weary, turn again
  To face the journey of the winding day,
To take my place amid the march of men
  And be as grave as they.

To toil—to dare—to battle—to rejoice
  Until again night yields us resting-place;
And yet I have not heard my Captain's voice
  Nor even seen his face.

Nor do I know wherefore we strive or when
  The strife shall end. I only know each day
I take my place amid the march of men
  And listen—and obey.

—*Theodosia Garrison.*

The time has come when men with hearts and brains
Must rise and take the misdirected reins
Of government; too long left in the hands
Of aliens and of lackeys. He who stands
And sees the mighty vehicle of State
Hauled through the mire to some ignoble fate
And makes not such bold protest as he can,
  Is no American.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

THE PULPIT

The Harvest Field.

THE SIXTH IN A SERIES OF SERMONS ON THE GOSPEL OF THE FARM, BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, FIRST PUBLISHED IN HOARD'S "DAIRYMAN."

Thanksgiving proclamations are loaded with phrases about "the divine forethought and care," "the bounty of the year," "abundance of the field," "teeming acres," "golden grain," "the good health and good cheer" of this particular year.

This is very well, but there is great danger that these phrases may grow conventional and stilted and carry with them a degree of cant and hypocrisy. The sweat-hardened farmer sings his Thanksgiving hymn to the "bountiful God" with a mental reservation and responds with a chuckle to the more honest, qualified prayer of the devout come-outer whose grace before a meager meal was, "Lord, we thank thee for the salt; the potatoes we raised ourselves!"

Not to abate one whit the reverential gratitude for the primal forces of nature,—light, heat, water and soil,—for the beauty as well as the fertility of hillside and valley, the glory of mountain and river, the sublimity of the stars, the inspiration of the sunrise, the peace of the sunset, the benignancy of the darkness that brings sleep to tired eyes and restoration to mind and body,—I still would urge that all this and similar catalogings of Thanksgiving proclamations and harvest home congratulations stop short of the finer, higher, and consequently later marvels of the harvest field. The old Bible texts, the swing of the old hymn tunes (dear to our grandparents), are all precious to us, but from them we miss something of the glory that belongs to humanity. Why cannot we bring our piety down to date? Why in church on Sunday must we sing, pray and preach about "sickles," "flails," "threshing floors," "winnowing fans" and "mill stones," instead of talking about "reapers, threshing machines and flouring rollers?"

I share with Mr. McAndrew in Kipling's hymn an impatience bordering on indignation with the "Viscount-loon" "wi' Russian leather tennis-shoon an' spar-decked yachtin'-cap," who after having been shown round and through the great ocean liner, said:

"Mr. McAndrew, don't you think steam spoils romance at sea?,
Damned ijit! I'd been doon that morn to see what ailed the throws,
Manholin', on my back—the cranks three inches off my nose.
Romance! Those first-class passengers they like it very well,
Printed an' bound in little books; but why don't poets tell?
I'm sick of all their quirks and turns—the loves and doves they dream—
Lord, send a man like Bobbie Burns to sing the Song o' Steam!
To match wi' Scotia's noblest speech yon orchestra sublime
Whaurto—uplifted like the Just—the tail-rods mark the time.
The crank-throws give the double-bass, the feed-pump sobs an' heaves,
An' now the main eccentrics start their quarrel on the sheaves,
Her time, her own appointed time, the rocking link-head bides,
Till—hear that note?—the rod's return whings glimmerin' through the guides.
They're all awa! True beat, full power, the clangin'-chorus goes
Clear to the tunnel where they sit, my purrin' dynamos.
Interdependence, absolute, foreseen, ordained, decreed,
To work, ye'll note, at any tilt an' every rate o' speed,
Fra' sky-light lift to furnace-barns, backed, bolted, braced and stayed,
An' singin' like the Mornin' Stars for joy that they were made;
While, out o' touch o' vanity, the sweatin' thrust-block says:
Not unto us the praise, or man—not unto us the praise!
Now, a'together, hear them lift their lesson—theirs and mine:
Law, Order, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience, Discipline!
Mill, forge and try-pit taught them that when roarin' they arose,
An' whiles I wonder if a soul was gien them wi' the blows.
Oh, for a man to weld it then, in one trip-hammer strain,
Till even first-class passengers could tell the meaning plain!

Rudyard Kipling has come very near to singing the Song of the Steam Engine. He is as yet the Poet Laureate of the ocean liner, the greyhound of the deep. For this, spite of the imperfections and, in many directions, lamentable reactions of his song, he deserves an honored place upon our book shelves. Let us try to think devoutly and with religious humility of the human investment that should enter into our harvest song of gratitude.

Who will sing for us the Song of the Reaper—not the man but the machine? Who will write for us the Epic of the Wheat Field, the Drama of the Modern Harvest? The Lord of Heaven and Earth was made manifest in the flesh and brains of Jethro Wood, James Oliver and John Deere, the great plow-makers, who made the great crops of the West possible. Now let us note how McCormick, the Manneys, Deering and their brilliant associates made the saving of that crop possible. Paraphrasing George Eliot, we may well say, God gives us wheat, but not without the help of man in the harvesting of the same. God himself cannot fill our elevators with the best of wheat without the best men to help him. Wheat itself, which has been called the food of civilization, the staff of life, representing as it does thirty-four per cent of the bread-producing products of the world, is largely man-made. Grant Allen, the scientist, says, "Wheat, to the botantist, is a grass, a degraded lily." Primitive man, far back, began to tame and train that lily. Herbert N. Casson, author of "The Romance of the Reaper" and the "Life of Cyrus Hall McCormick," to whom I am indebted for much of the material in this study, says:

"We do not know when or where the prehistoric Burbank lived who undertook this education of the wheat-lily. But we do know that wheat has been a food for at least five thousand years. We find it in the oldest tombs of Egypt and pictured on the stones of the Pyramids. We know that Solomon sent wheat as a present to his friend, the King of Tyre; and we have reason to believe that its first appearance was in the valleys of the Tigris and the Euphrates, near where the ancient city of Baylon rose to greatness."

For all this, wheat, like so many of our domestic animals, is a plant that cannot live without man's help. It is a tamed weed, dependent upon the co-operative hand of man. Mr. Casson estimates that if the human race were to perish from the earth wheat could not survive more than three years. A German economist argues that wheat was the original cause of civilization, not primarily because it is the most available of foods but because it persuaded primitive man to quit his killing industries and take up his tilling activities. When man began to turn up the sod and to plant seed, he ceased wandering in search of more game and better grazing. The nomad became a settler, the marvelous drama of civilization began, and man

entered upon the sublime career during which he became the conqueror of continents, the builder of cathedrals, the founder of colleges, the home-maker.

My father brought with him over the sea his "hook," a smooth-edged sickle hammered out by hand on the anvil. My earliest harvest field recollections are of a little golden field in the clearing with half a dozen or more men and women, diligent with their sickles, cutting the precious grain, literally by the handfuls, after the manner practiced on the rugged hillsides of Wales. This soon gave way to the more rapid swing of that marvelous device, the American "cradle." One of the last things I did before giving up my boyhood life on the farm to the service of the Union and exchanging my blue jeans for the blue coat of Uncle Sam, was to cradle with an older brother a ten-acre field of oats. But some six years before this the reaper had entered our harvest field. The first one I remember required a man to follow after on foot, pulling off the sheaves as they were gathered. The next reaper made provision for a man to ride as he raked off. In some machines he was hung behind the driver and was dragged backwards while with a curiously constructed tool he pulled off the grain as it accumulated. An advance was made when the man was permitted to stand face forward, watching the grain as it fell and throwing it off with a pitchfork prepared for the purpose. How well I remember the anxious harvest weeks with the old John P. Manny reaper, with its sickle-bar forever breaking, every break necessitating the cessation of activities, idle hours for seven or eight high-priced "binders," while I, the boy, dispatched on old Jane, the one-eyed, white mare, would gallop as for life across three miles of prairie to the shop of the hunch-back blacksmith who would weld the broken weapon with which the battle against hunger and debts was being desperately waged.

Next there swept into our field with great pomp and procession the first self-raking reaper of the neighborhood, the "Palmer & Williams." The neighbors gathered to watch with incredulous eyes the marvelous deeds of a machine that would rake off its own sheaves. A high funtionary of the company came out to set it a-going, but alas! it was a short-lived triumph. The reel and the rake, like the legs of an epileptic, were poorly co-ordinated; they were constantly getting entangled with one another. The reel, if high enough to give the rake a chance to steal in and catch the short grain that grew on sandy soil, would be too high for efficiency; when lowered so as to secure good cutting, the rake would be interfered with in its work of scratching the grain off the platform. The verdict of that season, in that neighborhood, was that self-raking reapers were plausible for long, straight grain on ideal fields, but unavailable for short and tangled grain on rough fields.

So the non-raking Manny led the strenuous harvest with from five to eight binders following hard after, binding the sheaves dropped in the trail of the machine. The circuit was divided into stations, and so round on round the men went, traveling one-fifth or one-eighth of the circuit while the machine completed the round. Happy and efficient was the man who could reach the end of his station in time to straighten his back, catch a moment's breath, or take a swig at the jug sheltered in the shock, which contained the refreshing mixture of vinegar, molasses, ginger and water, known by a familiar name which I have forgotten, before the machine was on him for the next race.

In due time came the exhilirating news that a couple of boys in Illinois had perfected a machine by which the grain was elevated to a platform where two men stood erect while they bound the wheat and threw off the bundles as they rode, as it were, in their carriage. This "Marsh Harvester" was the wonder of the time and seemed to be the perfection of a reaping machine. But its triumph was short-lived. Its success bargained for a noble defeat, and to the incredulous farming world came the news of a machine that itself could bind the sheaves, first by wire and then by twine and carry them along until they could be dropped in piles ready for the shockers.

This story of the reaper is overwhelming to the enlightened imagination, and yet it has all been achieved within the memory of the present speaker and thousands are still living who can trace in their own experience the revealing inspirations. Our story begins with the Annus Mirabilis, the wonderful year of 1809, the centennial of which we have just been busy in celebrating. It was the year of Lincoln, the great emancipator of the slave; of Darwin, the great emancipator of the human mind; of Gladstone, the great commoner; of Tennyson, the Poet Laureate; of Mendelssohn, the sweet singer; of Bonar, the great hymn-writer; of Holmes, the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. But an emancipator second to none of them, the prophet whose message is as far reaching as any of them, was born the same year; to whom too little homage has at yet been done. To the purblind readers of books, the sophisticated dwellers in cities, and alas! sadder yet, the graceless and complacent rustics who regret their descent and their surroundings and are feverishly planning and plotting and praying for a release from them, his name is scarcely more than a name.

Away off among the beautiful hills of Virginia, on the margin of the Shenandoah Valley, through which, fifty-four years later, Sheridan's horsemen raided the fields, Cyrus Hall McCormick was born. Robert McCormick, his father, was a Scotch-Irish immigrant after the order of John Knox; a thrifty Presbyterian who owned four farms, two grist mills, two saw mills, a melting furnace, a distillery and a blacksmith shop. His dexterous hands could make a walnut cabinet or an iron crane. His humble blacksmith shop, built of logs, is, I believe, still standing. The Muse of Invention haunted the place, and this shop was the cradle of the Romance of the Reaper. Robert, the father, had invented a hemp brake, a clover huller, a bellows, a threshing machine, and had tried his hand at a reaping machine, but had given it up; he could not make it go. Cyrus, the son, grew up in a home where the wool, flax and cotton were spun and made into clothing. His mittens, caps, coats, trousers, shirts, stockings and shoes were all home-made. Candles were molded, carpets woven, hams cured, soap boiled, apples dried, and sugar made, all in and around the home, where the McCormick children, eight of them, grew up, and what of character, power, courage and vision can be studied were also home-made.

Cyrus inherited the dreams of his father and his father's failures as well. Cyrus began where the fifteen-year failure of his father ended, and in 1831, less

than eighty years ago, with one horse in the shafts and a boy on back of the horse, when Cyrus was twenty-two years of age, he started his machine, and it worked.

The next year he ventured to advertise, but nobody wanted to buy. It was nine years before he sold a single machine. In 1840 he sold three; in 1841 no sales; in 1842, seven; in 1843, twenty-nine; in 1844, fifty; in 1845, one hundred and ninety-six. Some time in 1847 the young inventor had a vision, a wild dream, that perhaps he could make a million dollars out of that machine, and with three hundred dollars in his belt he started westward, traveling mainly on horseback. He studied the pioneer villages, saw cattle and pigs eating grain on the prairies of Illinois, to garner which was beyond the ability of the human hands available. He determined to plant himself in the muddy, swamp-soaked, ragged village on the banks of Lake Michigan, and the next year, 1848, five hundred machines were made in Chicago. In 1884, thirty-six years later, fifty thousand machines were made in his own shop and there were five hundred thousand reaping machines in use throughout the world, doing the work of five million men in the harvest field. And the little town of ten thousand in 1847 was a city of six hundred thousand, and Chicago had become the wheat city of the West, the granary of the world, because it was the reaper city of the world.

But large, inspiring, thrilling, as is the story of Cyrus Hall McCormick, it is not so large as the story of the reaper. There are pre-McCormick and extra-McCormick elements in the reaper romance. McCormick's was the forty-seventh patent issued. Twenty-three men in Europe and 27 men in the United States besides himself had bent themselves to the task. The pages of the patent office reports are gory with the reaper fights. Some of the most famous legal battles in the history of the United States courts were fought over reaper patents. Some of the brightest achievements of American lawyers are recorded here. It was in a reaper fight, Manny vs. McCormick, that E. H. Stanton made his ten thousand dollar speech in Cincinnati. In the same trial Abraham Lincoln figured and was snubbed by the pompous but brilliant Stanton. But he got a thousand dollars for his work, on the strength of which he girded himself for the great tournament of intellect and conscience with Stephen A. Douglas, which eventually made him President and enabled him to heap coals of fire upon the head of the cocky Cincinnati attorney, by giving Stanton's great power an unexpected and adequate field for action. Lincoln made him his inimitable Secretary of War.

Mr. McCormick was beaten at Cincinnati, as he was in most of the courts, says his biographer. The greatest battles of the reaper were not fought in the courts of law. It was a merry war of manufacturers and agents fifty years long. The trials of strength and skill, the contests of the harvest field, rendered the struggles of the race course and the mad strain of the football teams tame and vulgar in comparison. The perennial theme for discussion by the farm boys in my day was the rival merits of the various reapers represented in the neighborhood. Bearded grangers forgot to talk politics and ignored sectarian differences when they fell to discussing the merits of their respective reapers. Was it the Buckeye, the Manny, the Champion, the Clow, the Plano, or the McCormick? I remember with amusement how, then as now, my sympathies naturally gravitated to the under dog. Delicacy of adjustment, uniqueness of device, lightness and adaptability went with many other machines, while solidity, safety, thoroughness of construction and strength of material stayed with the McCormick, for the inventor in Cyrus McCormick promptly gave way to the craftsman, the business man, and the administrator. It is needless to say that my boyish enthusiasm went with the former virtues.

Competition in America probably reached its high water mark in the reaper struggle, and Cyrus McCormick was the most indomitable warrior of them all. He wanted to make all the machines that were to be made; he determined to hold the field against all enemies, a field which he had so successfully preempted. His long years of brooding between the mechanical success and the first commercial reward toughened his sinews and equipped him for a life that was largely battle.

"Meet Hussey in Maryland and put him down," was the closing of a letter which began with a pious recognition of a providence that "seemed to assist me in all our business."

The reaper tests in America in the nineteenth century took the place largely of the tourneys of chivalry in the middle ages. Here was fun, courage, strategy, and oftentimes someting worse. We are told that machines were secretly tested and slyly strengthened for special strains. Rival machines were chained together, back to back, and pulled to pieces. When the Marsh harvester was being tried at Plano, and the untrained farm hands in their new and awkward situation, pronounced it a "man-killer" and declared that no two men could bind as fast as the sheaves were placed on the table, the Marsh Brothers picked two vigorous German maidens, deft and skillful binders, put them on the machine and put the men to shame. At another test they took along with them a couple of trained men disguised as "Weary Willies," put those hoboes on the platform and showed how even tramps could do it. One of the brothers achieved the marvelous feat of binding a whole acre himself in fifty-five minutes. After that their machines went like hot cakes.

Whiteley, the exploiter of the Champion reaper, has been called the Charlemagne of the harvest field. In an Ohio test, finding himself making no headway against his competitor, he unhitched one of his horses and went around with the other. His competitor did the same. Then this Hercules of the field shouted, "Take off the other horse!" and he put his own shoulders into the collar and cut a full swath. That ten minutes in a horse collar, the historian says, "made him two million dollars." His competitor became his partner and they made common cause against their enemies. As high as one hundred and sixty thousand of those machines went out in a year. Two million "Champions" were made in Springfield, Ohio, at a profit of eighteen million dollars. At the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876 this machine was exhibited, one quarter natural size, made in rosewood and gold. The next season a train of seventy cars, three quarters of a mile in length, hauled the output toward Baltimore alone.

I have said that Mr. McCormick the inventor soon developed into McCormick the business man. Here is a chance to glorify business, to crown the dollar with fame, and to call down upon it the benedictions of re-

ligion.

When one Neighbor Ruff found the McCormick machine, way back in the experimental days in Virginia, rattling the heads off his wheat, he cried, "Hold! This will not do." Then the Honorable William Taylor, who owned the wheat field on the opposite side of the road, said: "Pull down the fence on the other side; I will give the young man a fair chance to try his machine if I lose mycrop!"

When in a severe test at the London Exposition in 1851, the neighbors urged an Anglo-Italian farmer, Mechi by name, not to allow the further destruction of his grain, he replied:

"Gentlemen, this is a great experiment. When a new principle is about to be established, individual interest must always give way. If it is necessary for the success of this test, you may take my seventy acres of wheat."

And the American McCormick swept in and won out. Horace Greeley was present at that test and thus described the scene:

"In seventy seconds McCormick had become famous; he was the lion of the hour. Had he brought five hundred reapers with him, he could have sold them all."

The story of the American reaper as the conquering hero in foreign parts is as exciting as it is unique. The reaper conquered kings. Crowned heads came out to be amused, perhaps to scoff; they stayed to admire and, what is more to the point, to purchase. They dismounted to take the hands of the men in shirt sleeves. With their own hands they pinned their ribbons of honor upon the inventors and returned to their palaces to promote and to purchase.

Casson's "Romance of the Reaper" is illustrated with American reapers drawn by camels, oxen, mules, as well as horses; photographs taken in the harvest fields of Siberia, India, Japan and Argentina.

William B. Ogden preceded McCormick in Chicago. He was already a rich man when the Virginia inventor arrived. He welcomed the reaper man and put twenty-five thousand dollars into his hands to build the first factory. Here was a striking case of genius meeting capital and doubling the opportunity of both.

William Deering was a dry goods merchant from Maine. He came west looking for a chance to invest the forty thousand he had made behind the counter. He met an old Methodist elder from Maine, a former pastor, who had already abandoned the circuit in order to sell reapers. Gammon was his name. He persuaded his former parishioner to put his cash into the reaper venture, which he did. Deering, who was neither a farmer nor an inventor, said, "I will beat them by making a better machine," and his interest in money making was speedily lost in a greater interest in machine-making.

At last, at the height of the merry war, there came a lull and at last a great calm in the reaper market, as strange and unexpected as that which settled down on Vicksburg, on the fourth day of July, 1863, when the white flags appeared over the bristling battlements. Four men, stalwart warriors, all of them, men who had delighted in competition, who believed profoundly in individualism, particularly in their own individuality, who liked the battle, were corralled, imprisoned, entranced, and then they surrendered to a new genius, the Cenius of Combination. The managers of this genius did not dare put these fighters together in one room. Experts in the business of merging, those trained in the school of John Pierpont Morgan, flew from one room to the other until these stalwart fighters were coerced and persuaded to ground arms and make common cause with what were before rival interests; and in 1903 the International Harvester Company came into being with its one hundred and twenty million capital, its annual output of seven hundred thousand harvesters; a combine that owns or controls its own ore beds, steel mills and forests, and which now makes most of the machines and implements necessary to farm life, their list ranging from cream separators to threshing machines, from a horse-rake to a steam engine.

Time and space forbid giving the bewildering figures, a mere recital of which appeals to the enlightened imagination with far more power than the Shakespearian drama. Nothing in the poetry of Robert Browning or the fiction of Victor Hugo can parallel this Epic of the Reaper. Two hundred and thirty-five miles of leather belting, nine hundred and forty miles of cotton belting, four millon pounds of wire, fifteen million pounds of nails are among the items which Casson gives in the expense bills of this combine for 1907. How to the intelligent these figures fly out of the ledger, escape the trammels of book-keeping! They are not only items in the world's economy, but sentences in the great Declaration of Independence that release the worker from the slavery of toil, the drudgery of the field, the fear of starvation. They glow as so many illuminated finger points directing the way to liberty. They are stanzas in the great epic of bread which, when pushed a little farther and lifted a little higher, come to be psalms of the spirit, texts in the Bible of love.

Here, as in the previous discourses in this course, the Gospel of the farm parallels the Gospels of the New Testament. The mighty men who caused the reapers to be, paved the way for the triumphs of the Golden Rule, the edicts of the Beatitudes. These inventors and manufacturers were, unwittingly or otherwise, evangelists of the better life.

I have said that E. H. Gammon, a Methodist minister, persuaded his parishioner, Deering, to invest, that together they might become reaper men. Somewhere and somehow on the road the wheat harvesting machine helped make Evanston a university town, and, by strange fitness and heavenly logic, the McCormick Harvester, the McCormick Theological School and the Emmons Blaine School of Education, are children of the same father.

Casson traces the last and highest triumph of the harvester to the rather windy eloquence of a Wisconsin, an agitating editor. In his political fights upon the penter, as he was called, was a noisy figure in Wisconsin, an agitating editor. In his political fights upon the stump he loved to dwell on the coming time when the grain would be bound by machinery and the drudgery of the harvest field would be lifted from the shoulders of men. Says Casson:

"It is a most interesting fact, and certainly not an accidental one, that the group of noted inventors who together produced the self-binders, all appeared from the region south of Madison."

Withington of Janesville, Wisconsin, gave to Mc-

Cormick the wire binder, which worked well and held the field until Appleby of Mazomanie, Wisconsin, gave to Deering the twine binder, which knocked out the wire binder of McCormick. We are to infer that the brains of both Withington and Appleby were quickened by the oratory of "Pump" Carpenter.

While it is true that the final perfecters of the reaper, many of them, were farmers, the early inventors were dreamers of the study, men of the closet. The story of the reaper, like all the other great triumphs of man, in its last analysis is resolvable into spiritual power and is best expressed in terms of human intelligence, will, and consecration.

The upshot of this sermon of the harvest field is that the problem of garnering is quite as much an element in the gospel of life as the problem of growing. Our plowing, sowing and hoeing are vain if we are not able to harvest the product. What avail fertile fields or even diligent tillage, if at the critical moment (how critical only farmers in this northwestern latitude can understand) the joint product of man and God be not properly conserved? The law of the field is the law of mind; civilization depends upon harvesting. The mighty mills of Minneapolis, the thousand elevators on lake shore and railroad siding, transcontinental trains and the mighty grain ships of ocean, are all indispensable parts of the great feeding machinery of the world. They are not only the logical sequences but the logical necessities of the self-binding harvester. And it is these great harvesting schemes of humanity that are to make hunger, starvation and famine impossible; for the abundance in one harvest field of the great farmer, by adequate harvesting, can be promptly made to supply the deficiences of the blighted fields.

So our libraries and our laboratories, schools, colleges, churches, homes, are only so many depositories of the higher wheat, storehouses of that which nourishes the imperishable part; distributing stations, where the wealth of the harvest is made accessible to the hungry souls of men and women; the abundance of summer saved to the needs of winter.

Again my analogies are confusing; the symbolism is so immediate and intimate that we cannot separate symbol from fact, wheat from thoughts, reapers from prayers and homes, sheaves from sermons, vines from churches.

In parting, may I lay hold of the last triumph and convert it into a gospel hope? That International Combine—what of it? Admit, as I fear we must, that its basis was largely greed, that its economies at least were material, I for one will hope and believe that this triumph on the lower field will inevitably bear us on to similar triumphs in the upper field. It is over this rough road that the Mount of Vision is reached and the victory of the spirit is to be won. Robert McCormick, the Scotch-Irishman of Virgiania, could afford to buy shoes for all his children, but the wise mother of Cyrus decreed that he should run barefoot in summer lest he be weakened by luxury. After the Chicago fire, when the great factories were all in ashes, Cyrus McCormick summoned his wife. He was already a man of millions; he had won out; it was a good place to stop. "What shall I do," said the halting man to the clear-eyed wife; "close up and retire or rebuild?" "Rebuild," said the sagacious wife. "I do not want my boys to grow up in idleness; we want to give them something to do."

The boys and girls were given something to do. What are the children of these great conquerors to accomplish? Is the combination which their fathers proved so economically sagacious to be carried higher by their children, and are we to realize a great combine in religion? Are rival forces, disputing sects and quarreling creeds to ground arms, recognize their kindred interests, confess their common duties, and together proceed to feed the hungry world, to humanize and civilize warring factions and brutal forces?

We might as well stop here as anywhere, for the sermon of the reaper, the gospel of the harvest field, opens up delightfully and endlessly. May we never weary of it, as surely we can never exhaust it.

The Seat of Authority

The Protestant churches are losing their hold upon the masses because the people are intellectually ahead of the old theology. They have read the weighty criticisms of the "Higher Critics" and magazine articles upon the origin of things from the scientific view, and reason has forced them into a halting state of doubt. The Protestant preachers cannot speak with authority because their authority,—the Bible,—as a whole, cannot be logically held to be God's infallible Word in the face of modern criticism. The authority of the Catholic church cannot be so easily shaken in the minds of Catholics because they firmly believe that their "church has authority from God to teach faith and morals; and in her teaching she is preserved from error by the special guidance of the Holy Ghost." This accounts for the fact that the Catholic church is not losing its hold upon Catholics. People cannot be convinced without authority of some kind. The Protestant departure from Bible authority raises the question, did Luther make a mistake when he exalted the Bible above the Church? Father Pardoe, in a Lenten sermon, said that he did, because the "Higher Critics" have destroyed the Bible as an authority and that of the Catholic Church still stands. But we have not done yet with the Bible as an authority above the Church, though it does contain much that is legendary. Protestantism of all shades is based upon theological deductions from Genesis to Revelation, while "the Gospel of the Kingdom of God," as preached by Jesus, is confined to a very small part of the New Testament, and that gospel is not the basis of Protestant Christianity. On the other hand, "the chief truths which the Catholic Church teaches are found in the "Apostles' Creed," not in the Gospel of Jesus. Luther was right, therefore, in exalting the Bible above the Church. First came the Church as an authority, then the Bible, and now comes the Gospel of Evolution, by science, which harmonizes with the Gospel of Jesus. The Gospel of Jesus Christ, as preached by both Catholics and orthodox Protestants, is legendary from first to last, and is not identical with "the Gospel of the Kingdom of God" as preached by Jesus. The intellectual world is being prepared for a new departure in the natural order of moral and intellectual evolution, and this accounts for the slight influence which the Protestant Church has upon the masses. There is no conflict between pure science and the Gospel of Jesus, but there is between science and the dominant theology.

Minneapolis, Minn. JOHN MADDOCK.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE BERLIN CONGRESS.—With the limitations of time and space at my command, it is difficult to do justice to even such German newspaper reports of this inspiring congress as have come to hand. To avoid dragging the subject out interminably, therefore, I will touch only on some of the more markedly interesting features, or those which seem to have appealed most to the German public. In this way we shall get some inkling of its success, for of course one main purpose of each of these gatherings is to quicken and stimulate the religious life in the country where it is held.

The first principal theme of the Congress was Liberal Religion and the Social Question. In a country where the social-democrats play so important a part politically as in the Kaiser's dominions, the public discussion of this topic would naturally awaken no small interest. The *Vossische Zeitung*, from which I have already quoted, returned to the subject of this meeting in a later edition giving extended notice to three speakers: the Dutch pastor Bakker, from Zwolle, Prof. Rauchenbusch of Rochester, N. Y., and the noted Dortmund professor, Gottfried Traub. Pastor Bakker told of the reasons which had led a group of Holland pastors into the social-democratic party. Conditions there differ somewhat from those in Germany. The state church has put no obstacles in the way of these venturesome pastors and the socialist party leaves the religious element in its ranks untrammeled. Prof. Rauschenbusch, as already reported, spoke on the great social awakening in American churches, telling of the great church conference in Philadelphia in which representatives of thirty-three great religious bodies came together to consider their relation to socialism, alcoholism and the woman question. He dwelt on the attitude of the great Methodist church as indicated by the manifesto of its bishops in 1908, showing their deep grasp of the social question. Of Dr. Max Maurenbrecker, who extolled socialism as a new stage or advance in religion, it was remarked that "the enthusiasm of the speaker was greater than the clearness of his ideas."

Prof. Traub's closing word on "Our Present Social Duty" is too fully reported for these columns; only a few pregnant sentences can find place here. "Preoccupation with social problems," he said, "should never be regarded as a substitute for religious work. When religion picks up the social crutch because she herself has grown lame and is not interested in the social question for its own sake, both are lost." "That hypocrisy which is the besetting danger of the theological profession is no whit more justifiable than an unrighteous price mark on goods. In fact I question whether there are not more serious consequences for the life of the nations when the sense of truth is blunted by the holding fast to tradition or by unwise prescriptions, than when a hartell unduly raises the price of a ton of coal." . . . . "In the new economic order Christian piety must now give a proof of its power greater than all former ones, for the crisis of religion itself is at hand by reason of the inspiring values decreed in social ethics. Religion must don its Sunday garb, for God is surely present where humanity mounts a step higher and material conditions are made more secure, so that spiritual culture may grow."

Sunday afternoon, August 7, a union religious service was held in the Jerusalem (Crusader) church, which was beautifully decorated with flowers for the occasion. Organ and church-choir did their best, and that says much for the music. Three preachers, well known from previous congresses, succeeded one another in the pulpit: the German-Swiss Pastor G. S. Schönholzer from Zurich; the Englishman William G. Tarrant of London, and J. Emile Roberty of Paris. Taking as their common text the familiar passage from First Corinthians concerning Faith, Hope and Love, the parts in the trio were so fitly assigned that the German spoke on faith, then the English hope soared aloft, and, finally, French love blossomed (as love and charity) in our hearts. The typical character of the nations represented by the three languages found most charming and spiritual expression, even in the gestures of these pulpit orators. The great congregation was deeply moved—a Pentecostal spirit fanned all souls and each understood the other's speech.

M. E. H.

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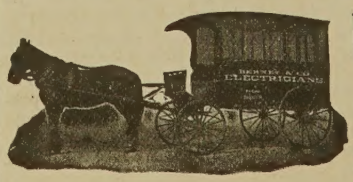

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